# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON



During the second month of the new regime of the Herald the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some barroom loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks' steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home."

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamour of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the Herald to nickname him, in his own mind, "the White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the high school for ten years, but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumfounded pupils on archæology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored him with his society. The old man understood. He knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the hardier veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home Fisbee appeared at the Herald office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased and he had become the reportorial staff of the Carlow County Herald; also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings when he started home from the office his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the Herald kept steadily at his work, and as time went on the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville, but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway of Ano, whom the Herald's opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for renomination, nor did the realization that the editor of the Carlow County Herald had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enlivening effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one, but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six Crossroads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was. They knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Crossroads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his commencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, despondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly opposite him. The red faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy' do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes, just soaking," answered Harkless. "It's such a gypsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank you, and all at home. *She's* in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's be'n steady ever sence the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest"—

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, but"— Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law, I'd never of expected to see you settin' here today! Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the deepoe they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figger it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could git out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Upton—You know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's"—

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sherwood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwerds. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoes thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selby says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, *she'll* be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me."

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much—livin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dashboard and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conversation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet."

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther you stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us if you git any spare time from the judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum by, saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and flat to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the lonesomeness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the

*He stopped to exchange a word.*

fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courthouse yard to the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofields'," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public sperrited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that 'll git Main street paved with block or asphalt; men that 'll put in factories; men that 'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywoggle along and make fun of public sperrit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of cootless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the courthouse, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

The bell ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofields' Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofields'), was moved to indignation. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk. Let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell ringer good night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofields'," he said mournfully as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young man and detained him for a moment as the supper gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the judge tonight?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

## CHAPTER II.

THE Briscoe buckboard rattled along the elastic country road, the roans setting a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pike toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly. He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fisbee behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip. "Just beyond that bend we pass through Six Crossroads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night after the lecture," she said to Fisbee, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered.

"Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes; they have shot at him from the woods at night, and"—

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance, so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night. It is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Crossroads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him night after night, and every one knows and no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squalid settlement built raggedly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge, a few roofs scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields, four or five barns propped by fence rails, some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side, a squad of thin razorback hogs now and then worried by gaunt hounds, and some abused looking hens groping about disconsolately in the mire, a broken topped buggy with a twisted wheel, settling into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the driest summer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six Crossroads was forbidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant, and the legends of the Crossroads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind. They got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure deviltment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see, our folks are pretty long suffering," said Briscoe apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Crossroads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was coatless and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance this singular lopsidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected langnor and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden loud laughter.

"That was Bob Skillett, the worst of the lot," said the judge. "Harkless sent his son and one brother to prison, and it nearly broke his heart that he couldn't swear to Bob."

When they were beyond the village and in the open road again Miss Sherwood took a deep breath. "I think I breathe more freely. That was a hideous laugh he sent after us."

The judge glanced at his guest's face and chuckled. "I guess we won't frighten you much," he said. "Young lady, I don't believe you'd be afraid of many things, would you? You don't look like it. Besides, the Crossroads isn't Plattville, and the White Caps have been too scared to do anything much except try to get even with the Herald for the last two years—ever since it went for them. They're laying for Harkless partly for revenge and partly because they daren't do anything until he's out of the way."

The girl gave a low cry with a sharp intake of breath. "Ah, one grows tired of this everlasting American patience! Why don't the Plattville people do something before they"—

"It's just as I say," Briscoe answered. "Our folks are sort of used to them. I expect we do about all we can. The boys look after him nights, but the main trouble is that we can't make him understand he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here all his life he would be. If they get him there'll be trouble of an illegal nature." He broke off suddenly and nodded to a little old man in a buckboard turning off from the road into a farm lane which led up to a trim cottage with a honeysuckle vine by the door. "That's Mrs. Wimby's husband," said the judge in an undertone.

Miss Sherwood observed that Mrs. Wimby's husband was remarkable for the exceeding plaintiveness of his expression. He was a weazened, blank, pale eyed little man, with a thin white mist of neck whisker, and he was dressed in clothes much too large for him. No more inoffensive figure than this feeble little old man could be imagined, yet his was the distinction of having received a hostile visit from his neighbors of the Crossroads. A vagabonding tinker, he had married the one respectable person of the section, a widow, who had refused several gentlemen at the Crossroads, and so complete was the bridegroom's insignificance that to all the world his own name was lost. The bride continued to be known by her former name as "Mrs. Wimby," and her spouse was usually called "Widder Woman Wimby's husband" or "Mr. Wimby." The bride supplied his wardrobe with the garments of her former husband, and, alleging this proceeding as the cause of their anger, the White Caps broke into the farmhouse one night, tore the old man from his bed and before his wife's eyes lashed him with sapling shoots till he was near to death. A little yellow cur that had followed his master on his wanderings was found licking the old man's wounds, and they deluged the dog with kerosene and then threw the poor animal upon a bonfire they had made and danced around in heartiest enjoyment.

The man recovered, but that was no palliation of the offense to the mind of a hot eyed young man from the east who was besieging the county authorities for redress and writing brimstone and saltpeter for his paper. The powers of the county proving either lackadaisical or timorous, he appealed to those of the state, and he went every night to sleep at a farmhouse the owner of which had received a warning from the White Caps, and one night it befell that he was rewarded, for the raiders attempted an entrance. He and the farmer and the farmer's sons beat off the marauders and did a satisfactory amount of damage in return. Two of the White Caps they captured and bound, and others they recognized. Then the state authorities hearkened to the voice of the Herald and its owner. There were arrests, and in the course of time there was a trial. Every prisoner proved an alibi—could have proved a dozen—but the editor of the Herald, after virtually conducting the prosecution, went upon the stand and swore to man after man. Eight men went to the penitentiary on his evidence, five of them for twenty years. The Plattville brass band serenaded the editor of the Herald again.

There were no more raids, and the Six Crossroads men who were left kept to their hovels, appalled and shaken, but as time went by and left them unmolested they recovered a measure of their hardiness and began to think on what they should do to the man who had brought misfortune and terror upon them. For a long time he had been publishing their threatening letters and warnings in a column which he headed "Humor of the Day."

When the Briscoe buckboard had left the Crossroads far behind and had come in sight of Plattville Mr. Briscoe's visitor turned to Fisbee with a repetition of the shiver that the laughter of Mr. Skillett had caused her and said half under her breath, "I wish I half wish that we had not driven through there." She clasped Mr. Fisbee's hand gently. His eyes shone. He touched her fingers with a strange, shy reverence.

"You will meet him tomorrow," he said softly.

She laughed and pressed his hand. "I'm afraid not. I was almost at his side last night when Minnie asked him to call on me. He wasn't even interested enough to look at me."

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TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 17.

**Text of the Lesson, Mark ix, 2-13. Memory Verses, 2-4—Golden Text, Mark ix, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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This lesson seems to follow immediately upon the last in the regular order of events and, like the last, is recorded both by Matthew and Luke. The first verse of this chapter should certainly be included in our lesson, as it is the key to the lesson, and the transfiguration is the unfolding and fulfillment of His saying in that verse. The fact that each of the evangelists records the transfiguration immediately after that saying concerning the kingdom of God is sufficient evidence that they so understood it. Peter also, speaking of this event, calls it "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (II Pet. i, 16-18). The favored three who were with Him when He raised to life the ruler's daughter, and afterward in His agony in Gethsemane, were privileged on this occasion to be eyewitnesses of His majesty. Why these three instead of the others and why John should come nearer than James or Peter we may not perhaps know, but we do know that few seem willing to be His choice ones, His Nazarites, although, as in redemption, it seems to be for "whosoever will." The old question still stands, "Who, then, is willing?" (I Chron. xxix, 5).

Luke says that He went up into a mountain to pray, and as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistering. Our lesson says "shining, exceeding white as snow," and Matthew says "white as the light" and that His face did shine as the sun. Somewhat thus He appeared to Daniel long before He came in the flesh and many years after His ascension to John in Patmos (Dan. x, 6; Rev. i, 16). The miracle was not so much that He was thus transfigured, but rather that such glory could thus be veiled those thirty-three years in a mortal body. What an inspiration to look forward to the time when these bodies in which we now live shall be immortal, incorruptible, fashioned like unto His glorious body; when the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father! (Phil. iii, 21; Matt. xiii, 43.) The transfiguration took place on a high mountain apart by themselves, and so we must have our seasons apart with Him in prayer if we would see and know anything of His glory.

Our Lord always lived in the realities of the unseen. God the Father, the holy angels, the redeemed from the earth, were all more real to Him than the people and things which our natural eyes see, and now here are two men, Moses and Elijah, who had been absent from the earth at least 1,400 and 800 years respectively, and they are alive and well and talking with Jesus of that most important of all events up to that time, "His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem" (Luke ix, 31). Although the disciples were heavy with sleep, they kept awake and saw His glory and the two men that stood with Him. We are not told how they recognized Moses and Elijah nor if the Lord Jesus introduced them, but it is probable that in the glory one shall know another without any introduction, and we may see a new meaning in the words, "Then shall I know even as also I am known" (I Cor. xiii, 12). If the atoning sacrifice of Christ was to Moses and Elijah and Christ so all important a theme, how can anything else be more important to us?

Peter, overcome by what he saw and not knowing what to say, suggested that they make tabernacles and abide there, and so we, too, would fain abide at some conference or convention or in some happy frame of mind on some mountain top of spiritual experience. But the kingdom is not yet, and there are many on the lower level of the world, oppressed by the devil, and few even among the disciples seem able to bring relief because there is so little prayer and fasting (verse 29), so little whole heartedness for God, so little value seemingly attached to the precious blood, which alone can cleanse from all sin.

As Peter spoke a cloud overshadowed them, and a voice from the cloud said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him" (Matt. xvii, 5). This is still God's word to each of us, and there is no way by which we can be pleasing to God except through Jesus Christ and no other way by which we can have fellowship with God. When we hear the words of Christ, we hear the words of God the Father, for the Father told Him what to say (John xii, 48, 49; xiv, 10), and when we have ears for Jesus Christ we will certainly have none for any who dishonor Him or His word. And now here is a great word for our hearts. "They saw no man any more save Jesus only with themselves." It reminds us of other words such as these: "The Lord alone shall be exalted." "Cease ye from man. * * * Behold the Lord." "The Lord shall be king over all the earth; in that day there shall be one Lord, and His name one" (Isa. ii, 17, 22; iii, 1; Zech. xiv, 9).

We may anticipate in our daily walk and experience the kingdom when God shall be all in all, but it must be by finding in Christ now our all in all and by seeing no one but Jesus only (I Cor. xv, 28; Col. iii, 11). If they had simply believed His word, they need not have questioned what He meant by His rising from the dead, for had they not just looked upon a representative of those who die and rise from the dead and also of those who shall be changed without dying? May we see Jesus only and simply believe His every word.





## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

**Johnny Knew More About Coasting Than Spelling.**

The following essay on the subject of "Coasting" was written by an energetic Ohio boy, who evidently loves winter sports, says the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"We do haft two cost in winter. But we do haft to be carfull that we dont get hert.

"I think it is dandy fun dont you? My slead is a nice riding one and I have a nice pear of skeights, and I can skeight good. But I can't skeight very good but I can skeight better then sum peple.

"And there is sum peple can skeight better then sum peple, dont you think so, I do?

"I like to cost dont you and I like to see other people cost, dont you?

"And I like to to hit bumps when I slay ride and were I slay ride there is 5 or 6 bumps and were you hit one bump and it wont take you very long till you hit nother bump and I think it is jus fun, don't you and I like to slay r[illegible] dont you, and there are plenty of places to slay ride that sum peple never seen dont you think so?"

**The Eskimo Dog.**

"The dog is the only domestic animal the Eskimo has," says Lieutenant Peary, "but he manages to do about as much use of it as we do several different beasts. It takes the place of a horse, dragging the sled and his family long distances over the frozen stretches. It guides the hunter with unerring scent to the tiny breathing hole in the snow which marks the seal. It rounds up bear and musk ox for the master to kill, and often even when the hand of hunger is upon the little snow hut settlement the dog lays up its life to feed the family that has served so faithfully and its skin to keep them warm."

**Gorillas In Battle.**

"The prevailing belief that gorillas use clubs when they attack each other or their enemies is an entirely erroneous one," writes a traveler. "They do nothing of the sort, and how such an impression ever came to exist or how old time African explorers ever came to formulate such a theory is beyond my comprehension. During a long sojourn in that country I had ample opportunities to learn the truth about them, and what I discovered there was subsequently confirmed during a protracted hunting trip in Borneo.

"The fact is that in fighting each other or in attacking or defending themselves from other enemies they depend entirely upon their teeth, which are abnormally strong and sharp and cut like a razor. They are clumsy on their feet, but the enormous strength of their powerful arms more than makes up for this deficiency. In fighting they almost invariably attack the faces or the limbs of their adversaries.

"In the case of human beings or members of the monkey tribe the gorilla's favorite point of attack is the hand and especially the fin[illegible]."

**A Unanimous Election.**

There was a character out in what was then known as the toughest part of creation who went by the name of Big John. I doubt if he ever had any other name. We had a little settlement we were going to make a town out of and concluded that the first thing to do was to choose a marshal, which we proceeded to do. There were several candidates, Big John among them, and when the pieces of paper dropped into a wide brimmed hat Big John walked up, coolly took the votes and put them into his pocket and said: "This is the quickest way. All them as votes for me come to this side." Not a man hesitated. It was the most unanimous election ever held. He made a good officer, though, and we kept him in till we pulled up the town and moved on to the next terminus of the railroad.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When the flood came Noah had to live in the ark. There was no food or anything else. What did he live on? Water.